I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſende the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,
And in compaſsion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is changde,
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcendes my throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vvill knovv againe,
Being nere ſo litle vrgd another vvay,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne.
The loue of vvicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To vvorthy danger and deſerued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.

King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad de men) you violate

Line 2 ſometimes—. 4 thy laſt—. 6 the tales—. 8 griefs. 11 ſympathize—. 29 wilt know—.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22311) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRA